The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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April.

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
  Light upon the wing;
  Though you cannot sing
  You can chirp of spring:
Chirp of spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.

Never mind the showers,
Chirp about the flowers
  While you build a nest:
  Straws from east and west,
  Feathers from your breast,
Make the snuggest bowers
In a world of flowers.

You must dart away
From the chosen spray,
  You intrusive third
  Extra little bird;
  Join the unwedded herd!
These have done with play,
And must work to-day.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

Food in the Wilderness.

BY THE REV. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.

"And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God." I. Kings xix., 8.

When will these stories so full of the marvel and beauty of the early world lose their charm for us? They belong to the unfading religious poetry of our race. They are part of the religious romance of our own childhood. Alike in simplicity of faith, in imaginative beauty, and in moral truthfulness, they have never been surpassed. These are the things which make the Old Testament so great. In all essential things, in its rebukes and warnings, and its impassioned pleas for righteousness, its teaching is as fresh as when it was first given. And what a grip it has upon the real thought and feeling of men. Look at the rugged figure of the prophet Elijah. How human it is both in its victory and its despair! Can this cowering, lonely figure be the intrepid prophet who had defied the deniers of his God? How many times since then, when the stormy scenes of excitement or success were past, have the servants of God retreated into themselves, wounded in

their pride, weary of their work, saying in their hearts that they have struggled in vain! Is the desert peopled for Elijah with tokens of divine mercy and comfort for his broken spirit? How often the deepest lessons of love and the surest evidence of the help of God come to men, when the light of life is blotted out, and the heart is cast down with the burden of its loneliness. Do we read, "and he arose and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the Mount of God?" Men are still called back to usefulness and faith in the true work of life by a great duty which calls to them, shining in the far distance. And still they are kept faithful to the pursuit of it in their journey through the wilderness by the memory of a time of divine visitation, when hope was high and conscience was clear. They feed their strength on this angel's food. They honour in hours of weakness and temptation the decisions arrived at in the time of their strength. They draw upon the reserves of moral and spiritual power, which are stored up for them in character.

It is of these reserves of power that I wish to speak, and of their use as we journey our forty days and nights, often with doubt and fear in our hearts, to the place to which God has called us.

What creatures of mood we are! At one time it is easy to believe in God and to be glad in His presence. At another the darkness is about our path, and in our hearts as well. Oh the happiness of the days when conscience speaks clear as a bell, and duty is plain, the seasons of religious certainty when life and its problems seem to be shot through and through with the light of God. If we could meet our doubts and sorrows at moments such as these, and the tempter's whisper were silent except when we are at our prayers, evil would have small chance in our lives. But they have a habit of waiting for their opportunity. They spring out upon us, like armed men from their ambush, as we are plodding thoughtlessly along the dusty highway. They raise their voice and press their arguments just when the thought of God and his law have retired into the background of consciousness. They clothe themselves as angels of light when the clouds are thickest in the heavens and the burden of life is pressing more drearily on our hearts. It happens, too, in the experience of really good and holy men that the sunshine of faith is followed by periods of gloom, when every argument why they should not believe and every plea why they should forsake their task, seem to gain tenfold power Elijah passed straight from his great triumph to the lonely desert and the bitter cry, "take away my life": and we have only to ransack the confessions of the human soul, or to watch the struggle of the men and women at our side, to discover that these changes of mood are a constant source of trouble to many who feel most deeply about religion. To them the desert and the cry are not less real because they are both locked away in their own breast.

We know these difficulties, and we know something else not less clearly. We know that there is a way of recovery, when we are thus crippled by weakness and seem to be deserted by the higher influences of life. We know that it is possible to cling to the trust which has been ours in happy moments of insight. We can still be faithful to our task, in the confidence that doubt and darkness can never change our duty. The truth is that God has so ordered our lives, that there shall be strength and comfort for us in these desert tracts, in which the refreshing of his presence seems to fail and there is no open vision of his goodness. There is a beautiful economy in the spiritual world. The truth and love and goodness, which have lived for us once, live on for ever. The bright shining of God's face on our path to-day is strength and gladness for the present moment; but it is also treasure laid up for us for the days of gloom that are coming quickly in its train. We have reserves of moral and spiritual strength, a great power of trusting where we cannot see, upon which we can draw in the time of need. This is the angels' food which God provides for our hunger in the wilderness.

The strength and usefulness of these reserves are seen at their best in formed habits of character. Some men pay such heed to the voice of conscience that they have a bias,

always growing stronger, in favour of goodness. Some enshrine the revealings of God's mercy and love so securely in their hearts, that a distinct trend is given to their lives in the direction of love. Some take such pure and deep delight in the spirit of hope, which is urging them ever upwards towards better things, that it becomes natural to them to approach all the problems and difficulties of life from the side of hopefulness. These men have their days of dim vision and low spirits, when enthusiasm almost flickers out in the socket, and even steady plodding seems to be impossible. It is then that the reserves of character prove their deliverance. The simple fact that they have been accustomed to love and hope and do rightly forbids their disloyalty. They go on bravely doing their best, and the world sees no flagging or weariness in their work. You may call it only habit; but in every habit, which keeps us standing upright in dark and slippery places, we may trace the working of strong moral forces. It is simply the carrying over of the convictions and desires of our clear and tranquil days into those in which we seem to be almost deserted of God.

Memory may work deliverance for us in a similar way. In the time of our strength a severe temptation assails us. We face it. We grapple with it. We overcome it. The voice of conscience is clear, and the friendship of good men and fellowship with the God of all goodness the one thing for which we greatly care. We little know, at the time, how much depends upon this decision; how it may be our refuge in many a time of stormy passion or of cold worldliness. The temptation comes again, when we are unprepared to meet it. It begins to exhaust our strength. We feel that our power of resistance is slipping from us. Conscience speaks less clearly. We are yielding fast to the allurements of evil. We have hardly faith enough to pray, or courage to speak openly to a friend. And then, like a voice from heaven, memory speaks in the heart. Now all is perplexing and dark with shadows. Then we saw clearly, and decided rightly, and trampled our temptation under foot. To that decision, to the memory of that victory, we can bind our lives. It is light for us in the darkness. It is food for us in our weariness. In the strength of that meat we can go forty days and forty nights till we stand once more in the presence of God.

Perhaps, however, it is not a temptation to do wrong which attacks us. It is rather a spirit of sadness or despair, a doubt of the goodness of God and his power to comfort us, which dissolves our lives in weakness. Once we had visions of divine beauty and peace as we walked on the high places of the earth. Now we feel only a dumb dismay as we think of the squalid miseries of men. Again, a month ago the heavens were opened to our gaze. We looked on the bright face of hope. We felt the immortal gladness of the sons of God. Now disappointment is filling the heart with bitterness; life drags along wearily with broken wing, and we hardly dare to hope at all. But, my friends, we can throw ourselves back upon our former confidence and joy. To do so is the truest wisdom. The opened heaven, the bright gleamings of hope, the throb of a divine life beating within our own; they are part of life when it is at its noblest and its best. These are the things, and not the doubt and the darkness, by which great and good men have lived. They are God's messengers to our dark and evil days. They are the rod and staff which comfort us as we walk through the valley of the shadow. We may well trust them more than we do. By drawing on these reserves of faith, and giving its full value and influence to every revelation of higher things, we grow into a habit of quiet and happy trustfulness. For the man who knows how to use the best moments of his life rightly there is no wilderness unvisited by the angels, no disappointment or grief without its divine undertones of love and hope.

It is thus that our strength is made perfect in weakness, and that we come to think of religion not as episodes of devotion separated by prayerless intervals of common life, but as a constant element in character, a spirit of love and trust and moral fortitude which goes with us through all our days, and binds them together in the unity of Christian service and praise. That spirit may God grant to us all, and may it work mightily in our lives.

Some Bee Beliefs.

Legend, folklore, and superstition have much to say of the bees. Jupiter was nourished and Pindar fed by them; and to the infant Plato in his cradle a swarm came and laid honey on his lips in token of the sweetness of the eloquence which was to be bestowed upon him; which legend we may believe the more whole-heartedly since much the same occurred to that venerable Father of the Church, St. Ambrose. By Virgil's account bees were generated spontaneously out of the carcase of a lion, or perchance a cow; and that famous husbandman, Antony of Carew in Cornwall, seems to have held the same belief. One finds traces even of a belief that the bees were naturally of different ranks and orders, according to the nobility or otherwise of the beast from which they sprang. The regard in which the Greeks held them is testified by their consecration of them to the fair divinity of the moon; and the coins of Ephesus bore a bee on the reverse. We can imagine the respect with which they must have inspired our forefathers, who must have wondered at the mystery (as it appeared to them) of their origin, at their organised society, purposeful industry, apparent reasoning intelligence, and at the wizardry of their conversion of the minute drops of tasteless nectar into great combs of toothsome honey, the one sweetening of the ancient world before beet-sugar was invented or the sugar-cane discovered. We were inspired by much the same feeling ourselves when we put down the hexagonal shape of their cells to something in the nature of hereditary mathematical genius; and we still employ them to point a moral and adorn a tale, even now that we have dropped so many of the old fancies and have learned among other things that solitary bees unscientifically construct round cells, and that the peculiar form of those made by their fellows of the hive is probably acquired by mere external mechanical pressure, as is the similar form shown in the cells of trees and cellular membranes of all vegetables. But among our forefathers the bee had something more than ordinary respect and admiration. A subtle connection was traced, or dimly felt, between the bees and the soul. Porphyry talks of them as "those souls which the ancients called bees," and Mahomet admitted them along with the cuckoo into his Paradise. A peculiar significance seems to have been attached to their movements; it seems to have been looked upon as an ill sign for someone when the little wise ones left their ordinary course to settle on an unaccustomed spot. Bees alighting upon Pompey's ship presaged his overthrow; when bees settled among Brutus's army the soothsayers were sufficiently concerned to force their commander to shift camp; and when a swarm took possession of the statue of Antonius the rumour of it spread from mouth to awe-struck mouth, and passed current as ominous of the near downfall of the Empire. In a queer distorted fashion something of this old feeling is traceable to-day in the country phrase "to have one's head full of bees," or "a bee in one's bonnet," where the industrious, hard-working insect stands for a symbol of all sorts of odd dreams and fancies and crotchets. We are more complimentary in the phrase "a bee line," wherein we credit our honey-gathering friend with knowing the very shortest way between two points and following it.

We still hear of "tanging" the bees by beating unmelodiously on a pot or kettle, a practice evidently invented at first not because the insects liked the unharmonious noise, but in order to retain a legal right to the swarm by apprising all and sundry within hearing that it was on the move. There are still country folk who hold with him who told the correspondent of a learned paper how "it won't do to swear before them; they'd pretty soon leave the place," and with him who averred that "there mun never be no quarrel or fuss over bees; they won't stand it." How often, too, has one heard of the bees being solemnly told, after due warning taps upon the hive, of the death of any member of their owner's family, failing which courtesy they would be expected either to die themselves or to swarm. Sometimes the informant would make a point of delivering the news at night and waiting for a responsive hum from the hive, and if that signal were not received some further ill would be expected in that same family before very

long. In various counties, too, the hives would be hung with crape on such a sad occasion. In sober fact one does occasionally come across what seem at first sight strange cases of the bees following their owner into the great hereafter. Probably one would find upon enquiry that the hives missed his skilled superintendence and watchful care at some critical season of the year. Equally simple, too, is the most probable explanation of the fact that bees will thrive with some people and not with others. Natural aptitude is, of course, at the bottom of the mystery. But why it should have been thought unlucky to buy bees save for gold or corn we cannot say; nor why our fathers should have disliked the idea of carrying a hive by water. With the superstition that they should not be allowed to leave the hives on Friday we are on more or less familiar ground; Friday was reckoned unlucky for many things.

In certain Roman Catholic villages of the New World it used to be the custom to place in the centre of the hive which was found in every hamlet a tiny fragment of the sacred wafer kept back from the Communion. This atom used to be called "the little God Almighty," and in the hive where it was placed the bees, it was supposed, would be preserved from harm and prosper the more in their business of honey gathering. It is curious to find the same idea reflected in Hawker's "Echoes of Old Cornwall," though classed there not among graceful and reverend fancies but as an "evil legend of the west." Here an old woman reserved a morsel of the sacred bread for the same purpose and laid it by her hive. But the good bees raised a shrine of wax around it, and by their example warned their mistress of her irreverence and the unbecoming nature of her plan for the increase of her store.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward on James Martineau.

Martineau's whole life and activity were a witness to liberty in this sense,—the liberty of the spirit, coerced by no external authority, but learning ever more clearly to perceive, and ever more scrupulously to obey, the law within. In his own life and thought he moves steadily onward, from the narrow Unitarian position of 1830 to the rich and ordered freedom of his later books. He lets the world and experience play upon his thought: he keeps back nothing from the truth. So that at the age of sixty-five it is "a relief and surprise" to him that he finds in himself "no tendency creeping over me to shut up my mind from new lights of thought, or my will from new methods of action." His great book, "The Seat of Authority in Religion," shows the man of eighty, who has spent his fruitful middle life on philosophy, going back in the evening of life to put himself to school once more, in matters of Biblical literature and criticism, writing with the freshness of a youth on points debated by the most recent scholarship, finding indeed in the less familiar study a stimulus that even at so great an age can give a new vigor to thought and a new boldness to style.

And while in his own spiritual life he is the prisoner of conscience only, he will have no compromise in action. As a young man, ministering to a Presbyterian congregation in Dublin, he will give up the State payment then made to the Irish Presbyterian, because he thought it a monstrous thing that a nation passionately Catholic should have to pay for Presbyterianism, while her own priests lived on the voluntary pence of Irishmen, and her cathedrals were handed over to Protestants. And later, as a member of the Unitarian body, he fought for freedom from first to last. No Unitarian society should be tied to any distinctive formula, not even to the Unitarian name. "Christian liberty, love, and piety,"—these, he said, "are our perpetual possession. Our Unitarianism is an accident of a few or many generations, which has arisen and may vanish without loss of our identity. We were born bondsmen: we will leave our successors free!" On the mountain-side at Mentone lies the grave of John Richard Green, marked by words he himself chose before he died, "Say of me, 'He died learning.'" For Martineau also there could be no truer epitaph.

Kipling's "Recessional."

(From "The New Hymnal.")

Greater Britain. 8.8 8.8.8.8. GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get,— lest we for-get.
f
p rall. dim. p
Semi-Chorus of Tenors and Basses.
f
p
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get,— lest we for-get.

1 God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

R. KIPLING.

April Hopes.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale
And milkier every silken sail
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder gleaming green, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives,

From land to land—and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

TENNYSON.

Emersoniana!

What the Sphinx said to Emerson, "You're another."

Emerson sometimes resisted introductions. "O Elizabeth," he said once to Miss Hoar, "whom God hath put asunder, why should man join together?"

Emerson used to say that it would be a pity if Alcott should survive him, since he was the only man who could explain to the world what Alcott really meant.

Emerson enjoyed quoting certain sayings of Thoreau, as "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk." "The chub is a soft fish, and tastes like boiled brown paper salted."

Emerson's audiences in San Francisco fell off somewhat toward the close of his lectures, which gave Dr. Stebbins provocation to say, "I thought they would tire in the sockets of their wings if they tried to follow *him*."

When Thoreau was in Concord jail because he refused to pay his taxes, Emerson called upon him, and remarked, "Henry, I am very much surprised to see you here." To which Thoreau replied, "I am very much surprised that you are not here."

Emerson told the story of Mrs. Thoreau's call on his aunt Mary. Observing that Mrs. Thoreau wore pink ribbons, Miss Emerson closed her eyes for a time. Presently she observed, "Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know if you have observed that my eyes are shut." "Yes, madam, I have observed it." "I don't like to see a person of your age guilty of levity in dress."

At a dinner table in Cambridge Mr. Alcott expounded his doctrine of diet, holding that we take the nature of that which we feed upon. He said, if we eat mutton, we become sheepish; if we eat pork, we become swinish, etc. Whereupon President Felton, who was the host, asked courteously, "And, Mr. Alcott, if we confine ourselves to a diet exclusively vegetable, do we become very small potatoes?"

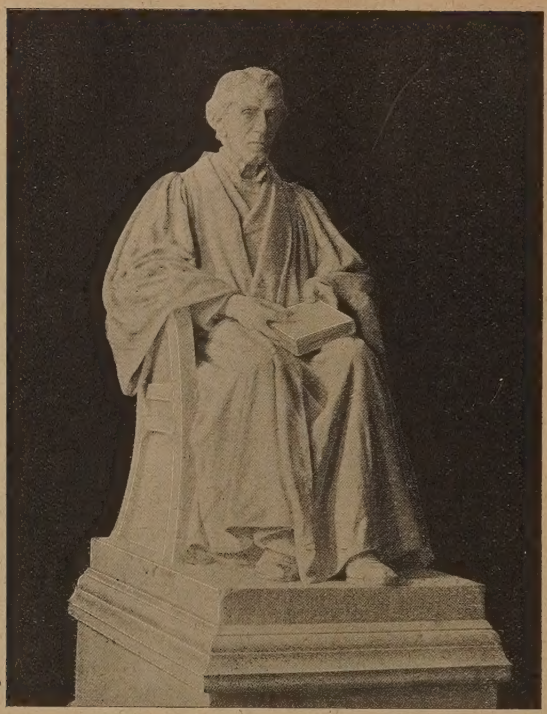
When Emerson was a boy, he often helped with the housework. One day he was scouring knives, and began to hum "Harp of Memnon, sweetly strung." This was hardly in accord with the harsh sounds he was producing, and he composed the following lines as a substitute:—

"Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand,
Touched by the poet scourer's rugged hand,
When swift ye glide along the scouring-board,
With music's note your happy bard reward."

When a Second Adventist went from Boston to Concord to warn Emerson of the approaching end of the world, on the way from the city he met Theodore Parker returning from a call on Emerson. Recognising him, he delivered his message, whereupon Parker replied: "Oh, that makes no difference to me. I live in Boston." The prophet went on until he found Emerson, whom he warned that the world would soon pass away. "No matter," said Emerson, "we can do very well without it."

Astronomical Notes for April.

Perhaps the most interesting of the planets visible in April is Mercury. Revolving in, comparatively speaking, a very small orbit, it is seldom that he is far enough from the sun to be visible without the aid of a telescope. In the course of his revolution, he passes, going from east to west, almost between the sun and the earth, and reaches his farthest distance to the right or west of the sun, where he may occasionally be seen by anyone enterprising enough to look for him an hour or two before sunrise; this is called his greatest *westerly* elongation. He then passes, moving from west to east, round the further side of the sun, till he reaches his greatest *easterly* elongation. This occurs this year on April 4, and for a few days before and a few days after that date he will be visible, if the weather be favorable, above the place where the sun has set. He may be distinguished from the fixed stars by his steady light. Venus and Jupiter are still visible, near together, but will disappear soon after the middle of the month. Mars is also visible, in the south-east, rising at half-past ten at the beginning and at a quarter past eight at the end of the month. All the major planets except Saturn can be seen this month.



The Martineau Centenary.

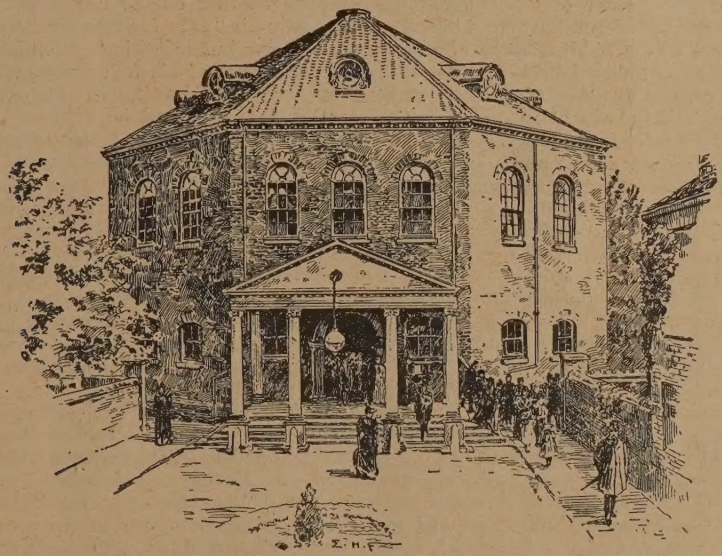
JAMES MARTINEAU.

A Biographical Sketch by the Rev. A. Hall, M.A., Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Norwich.

James Martineau was born on April 21st, 1805, at 24, Magdalen Street, Norwich. The house still stands, and is now known as "Martineau House." It is a three-storied red-brick building, with an unadorned front, but its rooms are lofty and spacious. The district in which it is situated was at the beginning of the last century the most fashionable in Norwich, but to-day it is one of the busiest. There still remain signs of its former splendour, for hidden away at the back of Martineau and the adjacent houses are gardens which were evidently once very beautiful. From one window of the birth-place can be seen beyond these gardens the roof and upper windows of the Octagon Chapel, where the family worshipped, and from the top storey can be caught a glimpse of Mousehold Heath, over which the children often rambled. Both the situation and character of the house indicate that the father of Dr. Martineau was a prosperous man of business.

The family of the Martineau's was greatly respected. It is French in its origin. Its history in France has not been traced, but in Rietstap's Armorial Général eight families of the name are mentioned as bearing arms. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, the Huguenots migrated to England with what speed they could. Among them was a young surgeon of Bergerat en Perigort

named Gaston Martineau. He first settled in London, where he married (1693) Marie, daughter of William Pierre, who had come to this country in the same vessel. Later he took up his abode in Norwich, and was admitted to the freedom of that city on March 30th, 1723, being described as a worsted weaver. Among his descendants were several faithful and skilled surgeons, notably Philip Meadows Martineau (1752-1826). One of the grandsons of Gaston, whose name was David, died in 1768 at the age of 40 from a fever contracted while in the discharge of his professional duties. He left five sons and two daughters. His youngest child Thomas became a manufacturer of bombazine and camlet, for which Norwich was then famous. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Rankin, a sugar refiner of Newcastle-on-Tyne, by whom he had eight children. The sixth child, Harriet (born June 12, 1802), became the most celebrated English woman of her day, and the seventh was James, who was destined to win world-wide respect. When James was a young man his father, who was a very upright man, suffered heavy financial losses through the decline of his trade with Spain, and the members of the family were compelled to work hard. Their strict integrity rebelled against the shirking of pecuniary liabilities which might have been avoided, and in the course of time, through self-sacrifice and industry, failure was averted, twenty shillings in the pound being paid to every creditor. Of his mother Dr. Martineau wrote: "Her understanding was clear, and her will, with a duty once in sight, was not to be diverted: but behind these and giving them their direction was an inexhaustible force of affection, and not only behind, but glowing through them, with her expressive features and fervent words." At the time of James' birth the Rev. Pendlebury Houghton was minister at the Octagon, and he baptised Harriet in September, 1902. The baptism of James does not appear in the register. In 1811 Thomas Madge was appointed minister, and remained in Norwich until 1825. It was the custom of the Martineau children to write out on Sunday evenings as much as they could remember of the morning's sermon, and this added to the



OCTAGONAL CHAPEL, NORWICH.

influence of their minister, which, in any case, would have been great and elevating. Years afterwards, at the opening of Hope Street Church in 1849, Mr. Martineau (as he was then) said of Madge, "I cannot describe to any one who is not keenly alive to the recollections of early life the kind of emotions which the tones of that dear voice awaken in me."

He spent four years (1815—1819) at the Norwich Grammar School, of which the redoubtable Dr. Edward Valpy was then headmaster. Among his contemporaries were George Borrow (author of "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye"), whom he once hoisted on his shoulders at the bidding of the doctor in order that the birch might be properly applied, and James Brooke, afterwards Rajah of Sarawak. The education given in the school at the time was thorough, and the discipline was severe. Yet the day boys, of whom Martineau was one, were subjected to rough treatment at the hands of the boarders, and he especially was conscious of the "hopeless oppression and unmerited insult." Moreover, the mathematical studies of which he was most fond, were pushed into the background, and undue importance given to classics. In 1819 his father sent him to the school which had been opened at Bristol a few years previously by Dr. Lant Carpenter. This was "an inestimable privilege." Not only did Dr. Carpenter call forth the intellectual ability of his pupils, but his profound moral feeling had an abiding influence upon their lives. Martineau remained with him a year, and always looked back to it with grateful and affectionate remembrance. It was his ambition, as a schoolboy, to be an engineer, and as he was now approaching his sixteenth year he was apprenticed with Mr. Samuel Fox, of Derby, for three years. But Mr. Fox, earnest, practical, and businesslike man that he was, had not that intellectual grasp of his trade necessary to satisfy an active brain like young Martineau's. Moreover, other thoughts were awakening in his apprentice's mind and heart, and the death of a young and saintly Unitarian minister, Henry Turner, of Nottingham, "worked his conversion and sent him into the Christian ministry." In preparation for this new calling he entered, in 1822, Manchester New College, then situated at York. While at Derby he lived in the house of the Rev. Edward Higginson, and became attached to his daughter Helen, whom he married seven years later, and who proved, by her integrity, common sense, and intuition, a most worthy companion for one who was to be "the greatest spiritual philosopher of the age" (Dr. Dale). His chief tutors at Manchester New College were the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved and John Kenrick, both men of wide learning and Christian piety. He threw himself with such ardour into his college work that one of his tutors mentioned, not only his "care for research" and "minute accuracy," but also his "intemperate study." The influence of his fellow students upon him was very small, owing to this intense application to work, and he expressed his regret later in life that he had not sought their company more. While at college he engaged in missionary and Sunday school work in the neighbourhood of York, and in the vacation of 1823 inspired John Withers Dowson and other young men connected with the Octagon to start a Sunday school in Norwich. To commemorate this work and also his helpful influence upon our denomination and country efforts are now being made to erect a building to be known as the Martineau Memorial Hall and Sunday Schools.

In 1827 he left college and went to assist Dr. Carpenter in his school at Bristol. After a few months Dr. Carpenter's health began to fail, and Martineau was asked to take charge of the school. He had resolved, however, to devote himself to the ministry, and he accepted the office of co-pastor with the Rev. Philip Taylor, of the Eustace Street Presbyterian Church, Dublin. In 1828 he married, and with the assistance of a loan from a friend bought a house. He had little time to spare, for besides his pulpit and pastoral duties he had pupils to teach. In 1831 the Rev. Philip Taylor died, and Martineau was elected sole pastor. He now discovered, to his surprise, that part of his stipend (£100) was derived from public funds. This "Regium Donum" or Royal Bounty had first been bestowed upon the Presbyterians in Ireland by Charles II., and was nothing more or less than a bribe. The fact that it was

exacted from Roman Catholics and Protestants who had no sympathy with the minister and worshippers of the Eustace Street Chapel, seemed to Martineau oppressive and unjust. He could have none of it. Only two courses were open. Either he must cease to be minister or the chapel must relinquish the grant. It was decided by the casting vote of the chairman to retain the grant, and Mr. Martineau was thus without a pulpit. The sacrifice made was not small. He had bought a house with a loan, and property had since diminished in value, and he had a wife and two children to support and no prospect of immediate settlement. The event is of interest in view of the present Education Act, by which Churchmen receive and are willing to receive public funds for denominational purposes.

Martineau was not to wait long for another pulpit. In less than three months from his resignation a letter came from the Paradise Street congregation, Liverpool (February 7, 1832), inviting him to become the colleague of the Rev. John Grundy. He accepted the call, and took several classes in addition to his ordinary ministerial work. The number of his engagement was so large that no one would have surmised that it was once thought that he had a frail constitution. The congregation admired and appreciated him, and made him generous gifts in addition to his stipend. At the beginning of 1835 he was elected sole pastor. In the following year appeared his "Rationale of Religious Enquiry," which won for him fame, and was one cause of his becoming known as "the brilliant Martineau." The "Rationale" still remains one of the best introductions to the rational position in religion.

The year 1839 was marked by the "Liverpool Controversy." The Rev. Fielding Ould, minister of Christ Church, published a letter addressed "to all who call themselves Unitarians in the town and neighbourhood of Liverpool," inviting them to attend a course of lectures in which would be exposed "the false philosophy and dangerous unsoundness of the Unitarian system." The letter was regarded as a challenge, and the three Unitarian ministers in Liverpool, James Martineau, John Hamilton Thom, and Henry Giles, forthwith accepted it. Enthusiasm ran high. The orthodox lectures were delivered in Christ Church, and the crowd was so great that the three Unitarian combatants obtained entrance with difficulty. Afterwards they occupied what became known as the "condemned pew," which was reserved for them. Thirteen lectures were delivered by 13 clergymen. Thom and Giles each replied to four, and Martineau to five. The issue was the disastrous defeat of those who undertook to expose the fallacies. And the contest not only made the Liverpool ministers known, but also revealed their strength and resources to themselves. Looking at the five lectures delivered by Martineau one marvels that such masterly treatises could be produced in the course of a few weeks.

(To be continued.)

The arrangements for the Martineau Centenary, at Norwich, are as follows:—

THURSDAY, APRIL 20TH, 8 p.m.
Lantern Lecture by Rev. Alfred Hall, "The Martineaus in Norwich."

GOOD FRIDAY.
11 a.m., Sermon by Dr. Drummond.
1 p.m., Public Luncheon.
7.30 p.m., Public meeting, speakers, Revs. J. Estlin Carpenter, C. B. Upton, W. C. Bowie, W. G. Tarrant, V. D. Davis, Dendy Agate, David Martineau, Esq., Dr. Blake Odgers, etc.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22ND.
Conducted visits to places of interest.

EASTER SUNDAY.
Morning, Rev. P. M. Higginson. Evening, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.

Guild News.

Mansford Street Guild, London.—This winter our Guild has formed a "Reading Circle," which is regularly attended by twelve or fourteen eager students. The Rev. R. A. Armstrong's "God and the Soul" was the first book studied, and, although very difficult in parts, most of the members gained a fair idea of its teaching. We have now turned our attention to Emerson's "Essays," which should form an excellent introduction to the study of standard and religious literature. "Self-reliance" has already been digested, "Heroism" is under discussion at the moment of writing, and "Friendship" and "Nature" will probably follow next. The appetite for these is keen, and the result of this experiment at Mansford Street is highly satisfactory.

The Bradford Covenant.

FROM A SPEECH BY DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The oldest Congregational church in the world is just three hundred years old. This church was formed among those people who afterward came over to Plymouth. Among other things they created constitutional government on the strength of the covenant on which they formed their church. We do not know the names of many of them. I doubt if the names of more than five can safely be cited. Brewster and Bradford were two who proved to be important men; but their importance was as nothing, the individual characteristic which they were made to work out was as nothing, compared to the fact that they united. These fifteen or twenty men, more or less, covenanted together to walk as God should show them how. I have the covenant here, and I am going to read it to you.

PILGRIM COVENANT.

SCROOBY, 1602.

These people "as ye Lord's free people, joyned themselves (by a covenant of the Lord) into a church estate, in ye fellowship of ye gospell, to walke in all his wayes, made known or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavours whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them. And that it cost them something this ensewing historie will declare."

"And that it cost them something this ensewing historie will declare," that is what William Bradford says grimly.

I want you to observe that there is nothing said in the way of a definition of the word "gospel,"—good tidings. They did not say what the gospel was or what it was not. They say, "in the fellowship of the gospell, to walke in all his wayes," without any distinction as to what they thought of him, his method, his personality.

The central word is the word "together": they would walk together, and they did walk together, whatsoever it should cost them. They organised as a church. That is not for the purpose of cooing or singing. They organised as a church for a purpose,—for doing something together, of walking together, as the Lord might show them how, and observe, not simply as he had shown them how, but as he should show them how.

But James the Fool turned them out of England, and they went out of England together. They went into Holland together, and they asked leave to build houses together. They built twelve dwelling-houses together in a little square which they bought together from the money they got from selling their goods together. And there they lived together.

They came over to America together. And, when the winter was over and the Mayflower went back, when half their number had passed to a higher world and their bodies were under the snow, these people saw this Mayflower sail. They had begun to walk together, and they all let the Mayflower go, and they all stayed together, true to the word with which they had started, that, while they came to the Lord each alone, they would walk together in his service.

Now what is there which has given this permanency and reality to this word? It is, as the speaker just now has said, that these people could agree to differ in the technical part of their business in the definition of words so long as they *walked* together. There is not anything here which approaches the ecclesiastical or individual formula of what we call a creed. They knew the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Athanasian Creed, the Thirty-nine Articles. But they did not pretend to enter by a syllable into a definition of terms. They threw all that overboard, and they said we will *walk* together.

What is interesting is that the churches which they established lived on that same principle for four or five generations. I was born a Unitarian, I have lived a Unitarian, and I am going to die a Unitarian. I suppose, therefore, that my statement on this subject might be received with a certain caution. I therefore copied this afternoon this statement from Dr. Noah Porter, the president of Yale College, who will be admitted as an undoubted authority; and I should like to have it written in gold over some churches I know:—

"You have asked, perhaps some of you, why this covenant was accompanied by no creed or confession of faith. The answer to that question is found in the more general explanation that this was not the way of the early Puritans. . . . It is not known just how or where, but the fact is certain that after some three or four generations this practice was gradually changed. I am not certain that the older practice was not the better, for the reason that creeds change unnecessarily with the philisophy of the times in which they are composed; and it is scarcely possible that any man after a century had elapsed should accept in all its forms of statement the philosophical definitions of any creed which was held a century before."

Now the history of this business is this,—that our churches lived, conquered, and founded a republic before the year 1740 without any creeds or written statements of doctrine or belief. They lived in the *covenant* that men should *walk* together.

Then there came what is rightly known as the Great Revival, in which Whitefield and his friends brought in a change. Certain people had a feeling that they would like to write up a statement of theology which they had in their own minds. They wrote down the creeds which exist in some churches in New England to-day. But the victories of New England did not come with the creeds. The victory of New England was in this determination to live together, to walk together. You may find it right through. The effective people, the people who advanced the kingdom of God, were carrying the Church and the State forward on the great principle of Together.

Now I am not such a fool as to ask any church to make any change. But we are establishing new churches in proportion as we have new duties. I should think that for the future the men who are glad that they can come to God alone should understand that the Christian gospel brings a child of God into God's arms and leaves him there. But for fighting the devil, for bringing in the kingdom, we work together. This does not require any statement on our part of who the devil is, or where he is, or that he is. It does mean that, when we meet him or his, we will attack him. Now, for the people who arrange the constitution of these churches, it will be a good lesson for them to learn, in establishing their new church, that they had better make it a church which is established on a "covenant of works," and not on a covenant of talk; that is to say, of people who want to *walk* together.

Notes and Jottings.

The Centenary of the birth of Dr. Martineau will be celebrated this month in Norwich and Oxford. The first is his birthplace; the second is the present home of the College to which he gave the best work of his life. The chief use of a centenary is to revive waning memories or to provide a day in our hurrying life for grateful thought and veneration. The death of Dr. Martineau occurred so recently that many people will feel, possibly, that nothing remains to be done in the way of memorial tributes. Everything has been said already, and the echoes of the praise and critical appreciation which greeted the appearance of his biography are still in our ears. We would fain hope, however, that the commemoration will send many readers back to his books, and do something to revive our loyalty to his ideal of a liberal church.

There they stand, a goodly row of volumes on the shelves. The Rationale of Religious Enquiry, Studies of Christianity, the Miscellanies, the endeavours after the Christian Life, Hours of Thought on Sacred Things, a Study of Spinoza, Types of Ethical Theory, A Study of Religion, The Seat of Authority in Religion, Home Prayers, the Collected Essays and Addresses in four volumes, National Duties and other Sermons and Addresses, and the two substantial volumes of the Biography. It is a divine library in itself, doubly precious to those who can still catch the tones of his voice as they read, and interweave memories of the hour of worship and the college lecture-room with the printed page.

Probably no other book by Dr. Martineau has had the circulation and influence of the Endeavours, first published in two series in 1843 and 1847, but long ago collected into a

single volume. If the spiritual work that it has done could be described, what a fascinating story of religious awaking and conquered doubt it would reveal. It has been a treasured possession in many a Scottish Manse, where the silent struggle was in progress between the new thought and the old; and we have heard of unimpeachable High-Churchmen recommending it to the Oxford undergraduate for devotional reading. It has, of course, the attraction of great dignity and beauty of style, and the sure touch of a clear and strong thinker; but the real source of its power is to be found in a certain timelessness, which is characteristic of the classics of devotional literature. Here is no discussion of ephemeral problems, or the brilliant rhetoric which dazzles for an hour, or the clever sally of the controversialist. The whole book moves in the great deep, where the soul is surrounded by the mysteries of existence, and feels itself face to face with God.

For this reason we should be glad to see a centenary memorial in the shape of a selection from the Endeavours in a small pocket volume, in which form a new generation of readers might be tempted to explore its riches and to add it to their shelf of favourite books. It would be a good thing to issue it in the familiar sixpenny style as well, and if a short biographical sketch of the author and a popular estimate of his position as a thinker could be added, so much the better. Books by Huxley, Tyndall, Westcott, Maurice, Illingsworth, have been published in this way, and in consequence they are reaching a new and wider public. There ought to be sufficient enterprise among us, and faith enough in the message which Martineau has to speak to the religious difficulties of modern life, to make some of his best work available for the thoughtful reader of sixpenny books.

Among the great Englishmen of the nineteenth century, Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Tennyson, and Martineau were pre-eminent for a nobility of countenance, which expressed exactly the quality of their genius and the peculiar temper of their mind. None of the portraits of Martineau can be regarded as quite satisfactory in this respect by those who knew him. It is rather unfortunate that he is likely to be known to posterity chiefly through the painting by Watts, in which the strong face and rugged brow seem to have been idealised into dreamy vagueness almost beyond recognition. The statue at Oxford by Hope-Pinker is, however, a very satisfactory piece of work, strong, arresting, and life-like. More than anything else it will help future generations to realise the noble dignity of his bearing, his antique grace of manner, and the perfect blending in his countenance of incisive intellectual vigour with the religious genius of a Puritan saint.

News from the Field.

We still move on. Good and true workers in our field are being welcomed as they enter upon their new plots. *Mr. Charlesworth* had a splendid welcome to *Highgate*, when notable addresses were given by him and by *Prof. Jacks*. *Rev. Priestley Prime* has started in his new sphere at *Brighton*, and the *Rev. J. E. Stead* has been called to larger work at *Mossley*. Meanwhile *Mr. Cross* leaves *Stockton*, where there is an opening for a brave worker to go into the Mission Field in *Yorkshire*. *Rev. W. C. Hall* leaves *Ashton-under-Lyne* for a large sphere at *Small Heath, Birmingham*. The *Rev. H. Kelsey White* has resigned the pastorate at *Urmston*.

In the nature of things, however, some good workers, after many years of service, lay down their burdens. Among them are the *Rev. G. Carter*, who has done fine work at *Peckham* for upwards of 40 years, and is not strong enough for the strain any longer; and *Mr. Charles Bell*, who for over fifty years has been a lay worker in our churches in the North, and who, in the main, has upheld our cause at *Barnard Castle*, while assisting all our small and struggling causes in the northern counties, has been constrained to lessen his labours, and has given up some part of his self-denying work. *Barnard Castle* has gratefully acknowledged his services. It is such venerable workers like these who have given their lives to us who leave an example to our young men, and send them on their way with brave hearts to the arduous work that lies before all true men.

We notice with much pleasure and interest the recognition by *Dr. Clifford* and other leading Baptists of the good work done for many years by the *Rev. J. A. Brinkworth* as the Clerk and Receiver of Joseph Davis's Charity. He and his more orthodox brethren have worked together for years in unity and good will, and the latter have gratefully acknowledged his valuable and gratuitous services.

Mrs. James Worthington, for many years a generous subscriber to our mission congregations

and institutions has left to *Manchester College, Oxford,* to the *Manchester Domestic Mission,* to *Owen's College,* and to the Nursing Institute, to each the sum of £1,000. These remembrances by our departed friend deserve recognition, and to be held up as a suggestion to others.

The many friends of the late Brook Herford have honoured themselves by putting up a memorial brass to his memory in the place where he spent the last years of his notable and fruitful ministry, *Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead,* and a worthy and appropriate address was delivered by the *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.*

And now many of us are looking forward to the occasion when the centenary celebration of the birth of Dr. Martineau will take place at *Oxford* and *Norwich.* The proceedings are sure to be of an inspiring and helpful character.

Bradford has had not only the gift of a memorial window, which we noted last month, but also has been dedicating a fine organ (a memorial to a family long connected with the church). Gifts like these for the enrichment of the beauty and serviceableness of our places of worship are greatly to be commended.

There are notes of progress to be recorded.

Sheffield reports a vigorous state of life—an increase of membership and attendance and a growth in institutions, and a development of missionary generosity and activity.

Hurst Street Mission, Birmingham, records a year's work of untiring activity in manifold ways, crowded congregations three times every Sunday, institutions of great variety in full swing of work, visits of helpfulness and cheer in thousands of homes, and a ministry of unbounded devotion and success.

The East Cheshire Union tells of £2,500 raised by their Bazaar towards the £5,000 they are seeking, and the *Midland Christian Union* is in sight of the £5,000 it has sought for. A little more of the devoted work already done, and the haven will be reached.

The Midland Christian Union has just had its annual meetings—Reports, Finance, Sermon by *Prof. Jacks,* missionary address by *Rev. C. Hargrove,* were all encouraging and of a high order, and the attendance and enthusiasm were unprecedented in the history of the Union.

Attercliffe Mission, Sheffield, is going to have its new premises. Already £750 is promised towards the £1,000 required, and the balance will be obtained.

The *Devon* ministers have had a helpful Conference, and have encouraged each other in the work they are doing in their scattered congregations.

East Cheshire reports progress, and is taking new heart as it goes forth to new enterprises.

The *London Sunday School Society* had a capital meeting and an inspiring address from *Rev. A. A. Charlesworth,* who is making himself felt as a new power for enlightenment and progress in the Metropolis.

All these notes of progress are indications of a new life that is manifesting itself among us, and give hopes of the better and brighter days that are surely in store for us.

With great satisfaction we note the correspondence between the *Rev. Lloyd Thomas,* of *Nottingham,* and the *Bishop of Southwell* on the misuse by the latter of the word Unitarian. The letters on both sides were models of courtesy, but Mr. Thomas secured the fruits of victory.

A very interesting double event has taken place among our friends in the United States. The *Rev. Dr. Crooker* has accepted a call to the pastorate of Roslindale Church, in Boston, and his wife, an accredited minister of the Universalist Church, has accepted the call of the Jamaica Plain Universalist Church in the same city. Husband and wife alike will have charge of important congregations, only some two miles apart, and from the same house will minister in the same religious spirit, and with the same progressive theology, to Unitarians and Universalists alike. We congratulate alike the two ministers and congregations.

Out of our ranks during the past month some of our true-hearted have gone and entered their rest. *F. N. Fordham,* of *Royston; John G. Stephens,* of *Exeter; Wm. Lawton, of Mossley; F. D. Ward,* of *Belfast; R. Hampson,* of *St. Leonards-on-Sea; and Fanny Malcolm,* of *Dunmurry,* have all left a bright and clear record behind them, and have illustrated the beauty and helpfulness of our common faith. On all sides of us there are human trees of righteousness which are yielding fruit for the regenerating life of the world.

So the story of our Churches goes on, revealing its graces and beauties, and shewing its fitness for the work to be done for the world's uplifting and sanctification.

SCRUTATOR.

March 16th, 1905.

Sunday School Lessons.

VI.

THE PHARISEES.

LESSON TEXT. "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." —*Matthew xv., 8....Also Isaiah xxix, 13.*

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I. DIFFERENT PARTIES.

The Jews were united in hating foreign tyranny, but they were divided over beliefs and customs. Three parties we will mention,—the

Essenes, the Sadducees, and the Pharisees. The disciples of the first are not mentioned in the New Testament. Many writers think that Jesus knew them, and had studied their doctrines. Now and then an author argues that Jesus belonged to their membership. The views of the Essenes led them to live apart, holding goods in common, sharing meals together, never eating flesh, praying often, and pursuing a severely frugal and abstemious course, aiming for extre purity and spiritual mindedness. They were not numerous or influential. The Sadducees are often mentioned by Jesus,—a body of wealthy and proud families. In Jerusalem they chiefly lived, and there had great power. The Sadducees set aside much of the Talmud, and cried, "The law, and nothing but the law"; they were literal interpreters of the Scriptures; they did not believe in a future life; they were upholders of free will and personal liberty as against the Essenes, who were fatalists; they wrangled in jealous contention with the Pharisees; they made friends with the Roman officers somewhat, and obtained privileges; they formed an aristocracy, in which ease and power led them more and more away from the masses. One conviction they taught repugnant to most Jews, that the promises of the prophets would not be fulfilled. The Zealots formed another and very small party.

II. The Pharisees.

It is singular that the Pharisees are considered the most condemned by Jesus. Our lesson text is severe; yet undoubtedly he found more to praise in their party than in the Sadducees. Jesus criticised them all,—the Essene, because he became a monk, and ran away from life's battles of reform; the Zealot, because of his rash, visionary fury; the Sadducee, because of his low standards; the Pharisee, because of his hypocritical goodness and over-strict observances. The Pharisees were more democratic than the Sadducees; they were more numerous and travelled; they believed in asserting the Jewish national pride; they were narrow, but progressive; they set forth the rule of love to one's neighbour, and the serving of God by serving man; they believed in angels, demons, and guardian spirits. Jesus saw that they listened and esteemed him when he taught their particular views; but the Pharisee knew that the bold Teacher looked with contempt on their loud prayers, tithing, cleaning of platters, broad phylacteries, and long faces. So they sought always to thwart his work.

III. The Scribes.

We often find the scribes mentioned with the Pharisees. They were a class of men who had studied the Hebrew text, and were versed in the statutes and judgments. The Levites had charge of the sanctuary: the scribes attended to the study of the Scriptures, being skilled in writing and expounding. If a scribe wished to found a school of his own, he was made rabbi by due consecration. Although a rabbi was a scholar and oracle, yet he must have learned some trade, by which he earned his living: teaching of the law was free to all. Rabbi Zadok said, "Do not make of the law a crown to glory in it, nor an axe to live by it." Jesus also said, "Freely ye received, freely give," alluding to the same custom.

IV. Politics.

The Pharisees protested against paying tribute to Rome. The Sadducees easily fell in with the Roman ways, and stood for obedience and compromise. The Essenes would not eat any food that passed through Roman hands, and were radical loyalists. The Zealots incited rebellions against Rome at every opportunity. The emperor left most cases of religious character, or crimes chiefly relating to Jewish dissensions, to be dealt with by home tribunals. The Pharisees were the defenders of the Jewish honour and glory; and every insult or aggression they resented, especially if it concerned religion. Jesus, we shall see, took a medium course, aiming to separate religion from ceremonies on the one hand, and from politics on the other.

The life of Jesus is very much mingled with these tangled conditions of political affairs. He did not have anything to do with them; but his enemies harassed him, and finally brought him to death by the use of base arguments founded on Jewish bigotry and Roman tyranny. Therefore, we need to understand the situation. The Pharisees were doubly guilty in that they stood for national honour, and yet did so much, out of rage and the persecuting spirit, to thwart Jesus, calling in the foes of their country to assist.

V. Class Talks.

What were some of the names Jesus applied to the Pharisees? Why did he not denounce the Sadducees more? Is it at all probable that Jesus lived with the Essenes during the years from 12 to 30? Can you see any points of resemblance between the Puritan and the Pharisee? Did the Puritans hope to establish a government similar to the old Jewish idea, God the Ruler? Do you think that Christianity has too much form and ceremony now? What do you think Jesus would say if he should visit the earth and behold our customs?

VI. Lesson Topics and Review.

I. The four parties.
II. Pharisees.
III. The Law.
IV. A rabbi.
V. Relation of Jesus to the different parties.
VI. The chief danger in religion.
VII. Reformers and their watchwords.

VII. Suggestions to Teachers and References.

Gannett's "The Childhood of Jesus, Part IV.: From 12 to 30 years old," is full of helpful material. Read passages to the class from Matthew, applicable to the subject. Be sure to reach the central thought of the lesson,—religion must be genuine.

R. H.

The Templar Press, 168, Edmund Street, Birmingham.